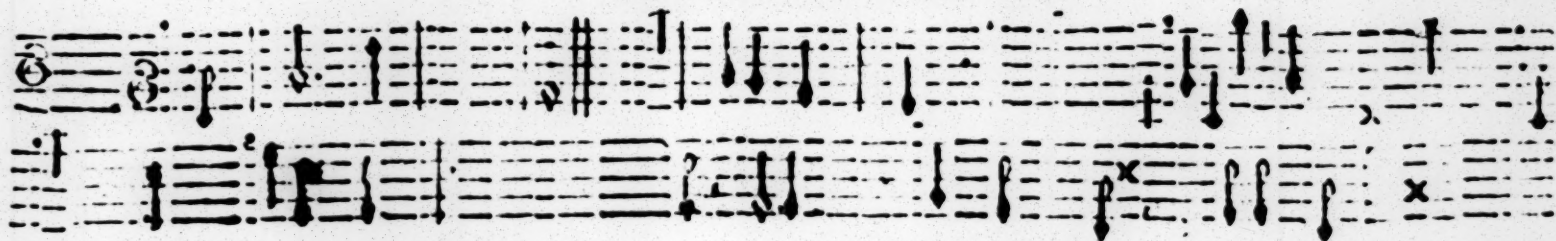


# An excellent New Play-house SONG, Called, The Bonny Milk-Maid,

To an Excellent New Tune.



**Y**E Nymphs and *Sylvian* Gods,  
That love green Fields and woods,  
when Springs newly blown,  
her self does adorn  
With Flowers and blooming Buds,  
come sing in the praise,  
whilst Flocks do graze  
In yonder pleasant Vale,  
of those that choose  
their sleep to lose,  
and in cold Dews,  
with clouted shoes,  
Do carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddess of the morn  
With blushes they adorn,  
and take the fresh Air,  
whilst Linnets prepare  
A Confort on each green thorn:  
the Black-bird and Thrush  
on every bush,  
And the charming Nightingale,  
in merry vain  
their throats do strain,  
go entertain  
the jolly train  
That carry the milking Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,  
And Flowers can spring no more,  
the fields that were seen  
so pleasant and green,  
By Winter all Candid o'er,  
oh how the town Lads  
looks with her white face,  
And her lips of deadly pale,  
but it is not so  
with those that go  
thro' Frost and Snow,  
with Cheeks that glow,  
To carry the milking pail.

The Miss of Courtly mould,  
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
with waihes and paint,  
her skin does so taint.  
She's weather'd before she's old,  
whilst she in Comode  
puts on a Cart-load,  
And with Cushions plumps her tail,  
what joys are found  
in Russet Gown,  
young, plump and round,  
and sweet and sound.  
That carry the milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* Game  
That ventures health and fame,  
in practising feats  
with Colds and with Heats,  
Make Lovers go blind and lame,  
if men were so wise  
to value the prize  
Of the Wares most fit for Sale,  
what store of Beaus  
would dash their cloaths,  
to save a Nose,  
by following those  
That carry the milking Pail.

The Country Lad is free  
From fears and jealousy,  
when upon the Green  
he is often seen,  
With his Lads upon his knee,  
with Kisses most sweet,  
he does her greet,  
And swears she'll never grow stale  
whilst the *London* Lads,  
in e'ery place,  
with her brazen face,  
despises the grace  
Of those with the Milking Pail

Printed by and for *A. M.*